

SPEND SOME FREE TIME WITH ME AND MY FRIENDS.

HIGH SOCIETY

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PRINTED IN CANADA. ISSN: 1075-0800.

Publisher: Royce Martine Editorial Director: James Fillmore Art Director: Franklin Monroe Senior Editor: Calvin Harding Photography Editor: Millie Wilson

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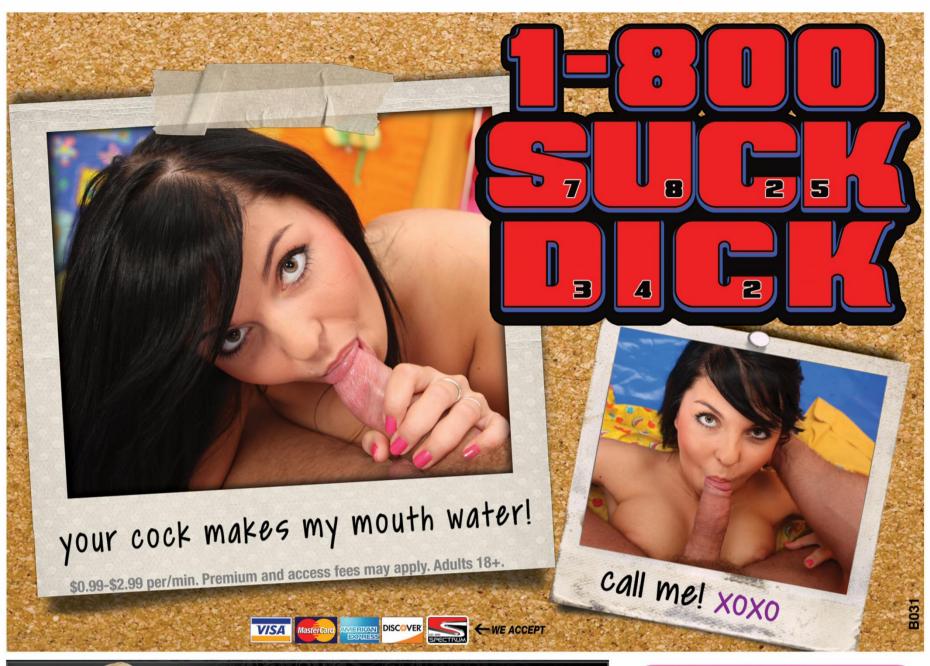






















For five years she'd stayed true to her husband, but he couldn't give her what she could get from another girl... like Helen



I needed a change. I'd been holding the desire inside for too long.

Don't get me wrong—I love my husband in all ways including sexually. I love to feel his hands sliding up my skirt and pushing my legs apart. I love that moment when his cock enters my cunt and his hips start pumping away at me. He knows I love him and that I want to be with him forever. None of that helps, though. It doesn't mean that the other side of me doesn't exist.

'm sure Dave will get the seven-year itch one day and feel the need to go running off for a few hours of passion with some pretty little blonde thing he meets on a drunken night out with his friends. Is it my fault if I feel that need, too? You can't spend 50 years fucking the same person over and over again. There are loads of handsome guys out there, and loads of pretty girls.

I can give up the other guys because I have Dave; if I need a cock inside me, he's there to provide it. But if I need to feel my breasts squashing up against another pair of breasts or my finger sliding between the lips of a wet cunt, that's something that he can never supply.

For five years, I denied myself those pleasures for Dave's sake. For five years I kidded myself I'd

changed. Seeing her changed it all.

Her name was Helen. I met her in an all-girl bar called Divers, just a few blocks away from our house. For the five years we've been married, we've been living close to the place, but not once had I given in to temptation and gone in. I'd walked past frequently, and several times I'd lingered outside watching the girls walking in and out, some hand-in-hand, others swapping kisses. Part of me had longed to walk inside and dance with some horny babe till I dropped, but another part of me kept thinking of Dave.

Dave knew all about my past. He knew that my first time had been with another girl and that I'd experimented a bit with girls while at college. When we got married, though, I promised him that the past was all behind me, and from now on it was all just me-and-him. Things had been fine until I'd seen the poster of Helen.

Helen stripped at the club every Friday, and under a big neon light just beside the main entrance

there was a huge picture of her in a bikini, advertising her performance. She had long blonde hair that hung halfway down her back, and a dirty smile. Her body was a true woman's body. She wasn't some skinny little model with no curves; she had swelling tits, and a cushy, curvy butt, and a powerful pair of thighs that I could almost feel enveloping my torso every time I walked past her picture.

For months I tried to ignore the poster, but I could hold out for only so long. Every time I saw it, the fantasies in my head about the girl in the bikini were getting stronger and more vivid. I was craving cunt night and day. Her gorgeous tits in that tight top were too much for me to resist. I had to watch her strip.

It was the first time I'd been in

a gay club for years. I told Dave that I was having a girls' night out, which I guess was true, and I really made an effort to look good. I wanted to feel sexy. I wanted attention. My dress was just long enough to cover my stocking tops when I crossed my legs and just high enough to cover my nipples. There were no straps, which made my bare, tanned shoulders really stand out, demanding to be kissed. There's something about having bare shoulders that always makes me feel nude, and I was getting hot

and wet just walking through the club toward the bar.

Once at the bar, I bought a drink and waited for Helen's act. I didn't have to wait long. Music began blaring out of the speakers by the stage, and the curtains parted. After a teasing moment's pause, Helen was standing center stage in nothing more than her bikini.

She might have been wearing just a two-piece bikini, but she sure knew how to milk her audience, really dragging out the striptease. Some strippers can take a load of clothes off quickly and not turn you on at all. Helen took almost nothing off slowly and had just about every girl in the place creaming her panties.

The place was jam-packed with wolf-whistling girls as Helen bumped and ground her body in time to the music, thrusting her crotch out toward us, then leaning forward and jiggling her tits in our faces. Slowly, she pulled one of the straps of her bikini down an arm. The girls were shouting at her, begging her for a flash of her tits, but she kept them waiting.

I could feel myself getting really turned on as I watched and waited along with the rest of them. She was working us all so well. As she danced and teased, I could see her nipples getting hard through the thin bikini top, and I longed to place my lips around them and suck those nipples dry. "Let's see them, baby," shouted someone in the audience, echoing my thoughts. Eager to please, Helen squeezed her cleavage together between her hands, which made her other strap fall down her arm. Her top was nearly falling off.

Coyly, she turned her back to us, and we all got a look at her perfect buns in her bikini bottoms. As we watched her wiggle her butt for us, her hands

reached

behind her back and undid the bikini top. She paused for a second before spinning round and flashing her tits at us.

The girls cheered, but I couldn't speak. I wanted so badly to fuck her. I wanted to stick my face between her tits and suck on her nipples while finger-fucking her crotch. I wanted to feel my body pressing against a smooth, womanly body, to hear a girl moaning as I touched her, to smell and taste cunt.

Helen seemed to know what I wanted. She started pushing her bikini bottoms down her legs and

was soon standing naked. Her cunt was pink and clean-shaven. She stood with her hands on her hips, thrusting it out toward her audience. Hundreds of girls screamed as she danced for them, teasing them with every wiggle of her butt and shake of her tits.

The music ended, and the crowd screamed for more. My heart sank, as Helen appeared to be leaving the stage, then rose again as she returned with a bottle of baby lotion. She opened the bottle and prepared to squeeze it all over her tits, but something made her stop.

She looked up at the audience. "Who wants to get up here with me?" she asked.

Hundreds of girls cheered and raised their hands, me included. I'd been quiet up till this point, and I surprised myself with how loud I was suddenly shouting. It worked, though. Through the crowd of lust-crazed girls, I saw Helen's finger indicating for me to come onto the stage.

I pushed my way through the crowd and took Helen's hand as she reached out to help me up onto the raised platform. "You look great," she said, as if trying to put me at my ease.

"Thanks," I said, suddenly not sure what I'd let myself in for.

I could hear girls in the audience shouting at me to get my clothes off, and I really wanted to. Just being close to Helen was making me feel sexy and helping me to lose my inhibitions.

Helen filled my hand with the baby oil and told me to start massaging it into her breasts. I took her left breast in one of my hands and began to oil it all over the plump mound of flesh. I circled round the breast first, then went up over the nipple. It felt rock-hard in my hand, and it made me wet between the legs just to squeeze it.

As I reached up with my free hand and began to caress Helen's right breast, she started to kiss

me. The girls in the audience cheered as we began to put on a show for them, only for me it wasn't a show. I was flicking my tongue in and out of Helen's mouth and groping her tits, and it was making me feel like I was alive again in a way that I hadn't felt for years. The smell of her perfume and the smoothness of her skin, and the way it compared to Dave's aftershave and hairy chest, made me realize just how much I'd been missing a girl's touch.

I could feel Helen's hands begin to grope at my butt-cheeks. She was slowly pulling my dress up over my stocking tops and up my thighs, much to the delight of the audience.

"Are you okay?" she whispered to me between french kisses. I didn't answer in words; I just stuck my tongue back down her throat and let her get on with the show.

My dress was up over my butt now, and we were kissing so hard and with so much bodily friction that I could feel my tits beginning to poke out of my top. I stopped fondling Helen's breasts and pulled her in close to me, so our tits were pressed up together. My nipples were just as erect as hers were, and it made me so hot when they touched. They began to throb as she squeezed hers up against them while rubbing her chest up and down my body.

The crowd was loving every minute of it. I felt naked already with my tits out and my dress up around my butt, so it didn't bother me when Helen began to push my panties down my legs. I felt them drop to the floor, then felt Helen's hands on my butt again.

She massaged my buttocks for a bit; then I felt her hands slide down the crack of my butt and between my legs. My cunt was wet and sticky. Her fingers slid over my slit and brushed through my cunt fur. Her tongue was still deep inside my mouth as she flicked at my clit with her finger, then started to work it around the edge of my hole.

I pressed my body right up against hers, placing my hands on her hips and then caressing them down her thighs. Suddenly, she was inside me. Her middle finger had pushed through the walls of my cunt-hole and entered my body.

I was so wet from her kisses that her finger had slipped inside me easily. My cunt contracted around it, molding itself around the shape of the finger. She

began to finger-fuck me. It was an extreme,

intense sensation, as the finger moved slowly and repeatedly up into and then back down out of my cunt. It felt so different from the way that Dave banged away at my body with his cock. Helen fucked me with the same slow thrust with which I masturbated. She knew how to treat my cunt in a way that no guy could.

I broke away from her kisses, desperate for air. The pleasure and the lust were making it hard for me to breathe. I gasped out loud and gripped hard on Helen's thighs. Her finger came out of felt her kissing her way down

my cunt, and I my body.

I shut my eyes. Her lips brushed over my neck, then pushed their way between my cleavage. I felt her tongue licking at my breasts, then her mouth swallowing the whole of my nipple. She sucked hard on my breast, her teeth twisting the nipple as far as it would go, then carried on kissing her way down my body toward my cunt.

My dress was scrunched into the middle of my body, pulled down over my tits and up over my cunt. She kissed her way down the material, then over my stomach. Soon her lips were rubbing against my cunt-lips, and the next thing I knew, her tongue was licking my clit.

She was moaning and groaning like it was the best cunt she'd ever tasted. I couldn't tell if she was putting on an act or if she was genuinely turned on, like I was. The way she gobbled at my cunt suggested she really loved it, but common sense said that she'd done this with hundreds of other girls on hun-







dreds of other nights like this one.

I stroked her hair as she continued to go down on me. My head was spinning, and I felt like I was in another world alone with her, although I could still hear the audience quite clearly. All the attention turned me on even more. It was so long since I'd been with another girl sexually that I couldn't hide my delight. It felt so good not just to be getting screwed by a gorgeous babe, but also to be on display in front of hundreds of others.

Just to be standing there with my tits and buns on display in stockings and garters and no panties, with all those beautiful girls watching me was sending spasms through my clit. I imagined them all wanting to be in Helen's place, all wanting to be down there between my legs, sucking on my cunt. I felt

like I could have taken any one of them home and fucked them.

I was about to come. I looked out at the audience and saw a pretty brunette in a dress even more revealing than mine. She had her arms around her girlfriend, and they were kissing each other. Her girlfriend was groping her butt and trying to get her finger inside her panties. She turned and looked at me, as her girlfriend started kissing her neck. I could tell that it was seeing me getting licked out by Helen that had made them both so het. The young

them both so hot. The young brunette was looking up at me and cheering, then looking at Helen's head between my legs. Next she turned back to her girlfriend, and they swapped more hot kisses.

My cunt was throbbing. I could smell the juices between my legs and hear myself squealing with delight. I pulled hard on Helen's hair as I exploded into orgasm. My body began to shake as convulsions shot through my cunt and up through my entire body. My head spun as the sensations overwhelmed me. I didn't know where to look. At Helen? At the pretty brunette and her lover?

I shut my eyes and felt my entire body tightening, then the enormous release of a second orgasm. The orgasmic explosion of my cunt the first time hadn't satisfied Helen's hunger, nor did this, so she just kept on licking my clit, and I just kept on coming.

I don't know how long she kept on; my cunt and my mind had become so numb that I didn't even notice when she stood up and hugged me.

Gradually, I became aware of where I was. Helen wrapped her arms around me and planted a kiss

on my cheek. I felt warm and loved as she held me close, although in fact she was only guiding me into a bow for the audience. Slowly, I remembered that it was only a show and that Helen and I were not really lovers.

It was a cold moment, but it soon passed as the tumultuous applause hit my ears. I looked out at a sea of girls all cheering for Helen and me. We took another bow, then she handed me my panties and put my tits back into my dress correctly. After she'd straightened out my clothing, she took a final bow for the screaming crowd and disappeared backstage.

I wandered back to the bar, desperate for another drink. My cunt was still throbbing, and the congratulatory kisses and the pats on the butt I got

from the girls in the audience as I returned to my seat almost made me come again. I felt exhilarated.

As I sipped on my vodka, I noticed the pretty brunette leading her girlfriend out of the club. They were obviously leaving for a bit of what I'd just had onstage. In my orgasmic stupor, I dreamed that it was Helen leading me out of the club by the hand like that. I longed to taste her cunt and do to her what she'd just done to me. It seemed heartbreaking to have to go home to cock after feeling a girl in

my arms for the first time in so long.

I asked the barmaid for another drink.

"What's up?" she asked, sensing my heartbreak.

"My husband could never fuck me like she just did," I heard myself saying.

The barmaid gave me a sexy smile and laughed. "Her husband could never fuck her like you just did her, either," she said. "That's why she's here every Friday."

The handed me my drink, and I took a sip, then got out my purse to pay her.

"It's on the house," said the barmaid, placing her hand on top of mine. "Maybe Helen's not the only one who knows a thing or two that your husband doesn't."

It hit me that it had been five years since a girl had flirted with me. It had been five years that I'd been avoiding that club. I looked into the barmaid's sexy brown eyes and knew in my heart that life was too short for me to be repressing my deepest desires. I leaned over the bar and kissed her. After tonight, I was no longer just Dave's wife; I was a whole woman again.























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the club is my haven, but I'm a lot more than a short dress and six-inch heels

My offerings

Only a few weeks of summer left

and I'm trying to make the most of it. I've stayed home reading almost every night. But tonight – it's going to be different. I decided that I'm going to Spotz, one of those huge mega-clubs that line the boulevard. I had been there once before and I liked the place, and this one bartender. There were some great looking guys there. Guys with the perfect smile and perfect body. I wanted them to talk

to me, but I wanted them to take it one step further. Be discreet and don't only buy me a drink, but slide between my legs and show some romantic interest in me. I hadn't got laid all summer, but that may have been my fault. I didn't feel like talking to anyone during the day because the sun was too hot and I was sweaty. Who'll talk to a girl with sweat running down her body?

So I got myself ready for the club. Smelled nice. Wore that new cologne. Got into my shortest dress and highest heels. The right man will notice all this. All the time I took to get ready for him. I'm more than just hungry for the right person, I am desperate for that man who wears that new cologne, walks up and slips between my legs, rubbing my skirt as I sit atop my barstool staring into his eyes. There is a desire running in me. As I become hornier for him, watching one after another walk past me, I become wetter and wetter. The moisture within has built to a credible amount that is soaking the crotch in my panties.



An hour has come and gone and I've looked around but no one, yes no one, has approached so I'm going home. I really like the bartender. He was easy to talk to, whenever we could hear each other, that is. He has been sweet and gracious. He was so nice and wished things were different. He was not beautiful, but he was nice and gracious. He told me at the very last minute he'd ask me out if conditions were different. I wouldn't tease; I'd simply fuck him for the fuck. Oddly, as I walked out I turned around and looked back at him. He was looking at me with a smile and he waved. It was a nice wave.

I didn't take advantage of my situation which was a













good idea, maybe. Sometimes I thought I wished I had. Just as I got into my car and some guy yelled out asking me if I was leaving so soon. I thought that was bold but told him "Sorry, yes I was." He said he wished I would have stayed so we could have danced. He looked cute. I went home.

That night, using my imagination, I danced with the guy who yelled out at me earlier. I climaxed while slow dancing with him. The orgasm was wild. In my fantasy, the guy was happy he could get me to orgasm while we slow danced. All

he did while we danced was fingerfuck my clit, going underneath my skirt and I loved it. I always love my fantasies. I've come up with some real wild ones in the past.

Thursday, another boring day I told myself. I called an old friend who I knew in town to go shopping. I was going to ask her to go to the club but didn't. I went shopping with her but she and I really didn't have much in common by day's end and it wasn't that much fun so that is why I didn't. Friday was another boring day. The summer days were passing fast. Was that a good thing? I didn't go clubbing at first. But by 10 pm, I gave in and went over to the place. Going into the club, I walked over to the bar. He wasn't working that night. I was disappointed. I asked the girl behind bar and she said he was coming in soon to help out, if it was busy. I smiled because I was relieved. I needed someone to talk to. There were two on duty, her and another girl. She was new, but she told me she was experienced. I thought, since I was bored and lonely, "How experienced is she?" She knew right away what was going through my mind and giggled. I didn't know what she meant, but I realized shortly afterwards she meant she would take me home or she could come home with me and have sex with me. I've never had sex with another female before although we've goofed around in college back when I was a freshman and sophomore, but not as a junior. No, not this year I haven't. Things are different this year. I thanked her and told her maybe I'd think about it for another time. She said it was alright and understood.

Finally, my bartender comes in. His name is Jarred. He sees the club is dead and asks if he needs to stay. My



lady barkeep says she can handle it so he can go. He sees me at the bar and comes over and we start to talk as if we knew each other. We've talked before in short bursts but it's been over the noise of the bar. He and I were both bored lately. I asked him what he wanted and he answered just the way I wanted him to. He had big hands with long slender fingers. It suggested to me only one thing, but I was wrong to a degree. I was not disappointed because I was so horny. He was horny too. We didn't waste time as Jarred made the first move. He leaned towards me as I

watched his eyes close in on mine.

He and I sat on my couch talking as he took the first step. He looked around my room and noticed how modestly decorated my room was adorned. While I looked with him, he laid his hand on my thigh moving it across and down to the inside of it. I happened to be wearing a skirt similar to the one the other night. Lightweight and cotton, I liked it because of it's free floating texture. I liked it because skirts always put me in a cheery mood. He liked it too because to him, I'm sure, it was an invitation to sex. I subtly opened my legs, and then I opened up more. I wore a matching lightweight top. I hoped he would move in on my breasts. They are large and firm. I'd been told that they are everyman's wet dream and I've exploited them that way before.

I began to like Jarred more and more. We began to kiss. I felt Jarred's tongue. I tugged at him. I wanted Jarred to unbutton my top and release my boobs, undo my skirt, and I wanted him to undress himself or let me undress him. My pussy moistened and dripped. His cock hardened, I'm sure, but I didn't know it. He unbuttoned me as I wished. Once he unbuttoned me completely, he didn't remove my top. He looked inside and was overjoyed with what he saw. I was elated. I was anxious. I was even hornier. I wanted Jarred so very much.

I love my breasts. I wouldn't change them. My roommates and I talked hours on end, privately in our rooms, having all sorts of conversations about boobs. We laughed and laughed and we even played with them in the privacy







of our rooms. I will never understand why they hold special powers, they're just breasts. So some days, like this week, my breasts are offerings to Jarred. I am happy to offer them up to him. I am delighted. Two delicious mounds for him to enjoy all night long. He smiled and I knew I was right all along. Then I removed my skirt for him.

Doing it, I said I was ready to make love to him. Jarred took off his shirt. I liked Jarred's chest right away It was manly enough. I rubbed it. I liked it more. He smiled when I did. I asked him if he was smiling because of what I

was doing? If it was nice? He said to me, "Yea, it's awe-some." We laughed, so I took off my top. He told me he was really turned on. I told him I was too. I asked him to see what I meant and held his hand. He knew what I meant. I led it down between my legs so he could feel my panties. His eyes popped wide open. They were soaked. I blushed because I didn't realize how wet they actually were.

When I felt his bulge, an indescribable rush blew throughout me. I asked him if I could take his pants off. He said yes. I was hot all over! I unbuckled his belt, unsnapped his pants, and unzipped them. They fell by themselves to the floor and he stepped out of them. Wearing briefs, I saw his splendor pushing hard against the inside of them. I thought he would be bigger, but he wasn't. Regardless, it didn't matter one bit. His size thrilled me either way. I went down on my knees, slipped his underwear off, looked up at him. I don't know what he assumed but all I did was hold it in my hands. Holding it and staring at it, I stroked very, very slowly. He loved it. He closed his eyes. I loved doing it, too. Slowly, surely I stroked his shaft, never being aggressive whatsoever. I loved how his cock felt in the clutches of my hands. It was long, stiff, and lean just like him. Then I decided to give him the best blowjob a woman could give any man.

He was completely naked. He stared at my breasts. Jarred, I could tell, adored them. I was overjoyed he found pleasure in them. He lifted me up and standing there completely naked, he stared and stared as if gawking. "They are the



most beautiful breasts I've ever seen." Then Jarred put his arms around me and we kissed and kissed for a very long time. Bare naked, I turned holding his hands, and pulled him back to my bedroom where I lay on my bed so he could make love to me. Lying next to me, Jarred caressed my boobies. He kissed them, and the surrounding areas too. Jarred quietly kissed or caressed me everywhere. When I say everywhere, I mean anywhere and everywhere. It was and it wasn't intense at the same time. Jarred's hands swarmed me in areas no one has ever touched me before.

Jarred's fingers slipped inside my thighs. Slowly they inched their way through to my hole, yes slowly, but surely they made their way. Not forcing his way, he subtly slipped his fingers in my pussy wetting them down and delicately went into my ass hole. I squealed feeling his fingers inside it. I let him proceed. I began to enjoy it more and more. I backed my hips into his fingers and told him to replace them with his cock. He did so immediately and I buckled from the largeness creeping into my tiny hole. I grabbed his hips and made him push into me more. Then took his hands and brought them around me and down to my clit. What a feeling. I can't say if I felt it before. All my sensations seemed amplified. He brought one hand back up to my boobs and gently pinched the nipple. He knew just the right amount of pressure to use.

We fucked like this for several minutes and then I got down on my elbows, lifting my butt higher for him. This was a signal to pump harder and he did. I counted twenty-two plunging thrusts into my ass and felt cock tighten and his warmth gush deep in my anus. We collapsed on the bed, his weight on top of me. I was so turned on that when he just touched me lightly on my clit and I came. That night was full on sex and romance. He not only made love to my boobs, he made love to my ass, my lips, my pussy, and most importantly, to me as a woman. I saw him a couple more times before the summer ended and we fucked with greater abandon each time. I wish I could pack him up in my suitcase and take him everywhere with me.

































































































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